

THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

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EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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Sheriff, JAMES MILLER, Office Public Building.
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Deaf Smith, The Celebrated Texan Spy.

About two years after the Texas Revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new Government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences, even the bloodshed and horrors of civil war. Briefly, the case was this:

The Constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the incursions of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanchees frequently committed ravages within fifty miles of the capital itself, Houston, then residing at Washington on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State records to the latter place, which he declared was *pro tempore* the seat of Government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this fiat raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, groceries, boarding houses, and fare banks, were thunderstruck; maddened to frenzy; for the measure would be a death blow to their prosperity in business; and accordingly they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of the mandate of Houston. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the adjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question, and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized a company of four hundred men, one moiety of whom relieved the other at regular periods of duty to keep constant guard around the State House until the peril had passed by. The commander of this force was one Col. Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war of independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two duels; in both of which he had cut his antagonists nearly to pieces with the bowie knife. Indeed from the notoriety of his character for revenge, as well as courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose, touching the archives, as soon as he should learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, powers, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boasting threats. He swore that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then himself hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with as little ceremony. He even wrote to the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic bravery:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives I shall certainly come and take them; and if Col. Morton can take me, he is welcome to wear my cap."

On the reception of this answer the guard was doubled around the State House. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the City Hall. In short, everything betokened coming contest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus of the City Hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger whose mode of entering was extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission there at all; but climbing, unseen a small bushy topped live oak which grew beside the wall, he leaped without sound or warning through a lofty window. He was clothed

altogether in buckskin, carried a long and very heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender a huge bowie knife, and had in his leather belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his actions, with dark complexion and luxuriant jetty hair with a severe, iron-like countenance that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of vivid black wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side arms.

"Who are you that thus presume to intrude among gentlemen, without invitation?" demanded Col. Morton, essaying to cower down the stranger with his eye.

The latter resumed his stare with compound interest, and his long bony fingers on his lips, as a sign, but of what the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage by the cool sneering gaze of the other, who now moved his finger from his lip and placed his hand on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery Colonel then drew his dagger and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught him and held him back, remonstrating.

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake; don't you perceive that he is crazy?" At this moment, Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward and addressed the intruder in the most respectful manner.

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not seem to comprehend the words, but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecating manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the center of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line, "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators as a sort of apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper and wrote a question, "Dear sir, will you be so kind as to inform us what is your business with the meeting?" The other replied by delivering a letter inscribed on the back, "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston and showed the usual terseness of his style.

"Follow citizens! Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time please let me know your decision."

"You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago, are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger panted his reply: "I am at your service."

"Mor on panted: 'Name your terms.'"

The stranger traced without a moment's hesitation, "Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; distance, one hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time."

He then took three steps across the floor and disappeared as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible Col. Morton, that you intend to fight that man? He is a mute if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting will surely tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton, with a smile; "that man is a hero, whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles, and at least half as many duels. Besides he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," said Morton coolly. "If what you say is true, you are a madman yourself," exclaimed Webb. Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down rats in their most rapid flight, and killed Camanches two hundred and fifty yards distant."

"Say no more," answered Col. Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled, I have agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed my triumph will confer the greater glory."

Such was the general habit of feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Towards evening vast crowds assembled at the place appointed, to witness the hostile meeting, and so great was the popular recklessness of affairs of that sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result.

At length the red orb of the summer's sun touched the curved rim of the Western horizon covering it all with crimson and gold, filling the air with a flood of burning glory, and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long, ponderous rifles, took their stations, back to back, and at the preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily off in opposite directions, awaiting their steps until each had measured fifty. They both completed the given number about the same time, and then they wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast.

The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile bore the murderous meaning. On the contrary the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionate as ever. A side view of his features might be taken for a profile done

in cast iron. The one, too, was dressed in richest cloth, the other in smoked tanned leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers, and the class of inferiors embracing none but cowards.

Presently the two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Col. Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and fell to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle, and then having finished his brief task he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterward, Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and three more men, appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

A Strange But True Story.

A circumstance which fully illustrates the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," recently came before Judge Sharwood in the District Court. Had it not been for the legal question involved in the events to which we refer, they would have never, probably, had any publicity given them.

Some time since, there was a family residing in this city, who were surrounded with many blessings. The husband possessed a comfortable share of worldly goods, his wife and himself were fondly devoted to each other, and together they doted upon an only child. The first bloom of their happiness was in the loss of their little one, who sickened and died, leaving his parents broken hearted. The death of the child fell like a shadow upon the household; the parents became unhappy, morbidness came in the train of their melancholy, and absolute aversion for the society of each other followed. The sound and discontented pair finally determined upon a separation, and a divorce was procured.

After a time both married again, and they became after strangers to each other, so far as social intercourse was concerned. It so happened that it became necessary to remove the remains of the dead child from the grave where it had been interred, and the father was notified of the fact. A handsome lot was procured by the latter in one of the cemeteries north of the city, and a day fixed for the reinterment. The father notified the former wife, and the mother of the child, of the circumstances, and informed her by note, that if she thought proper she could attend the burial of the remains. The mother accepted the invitation, and with her second husband repaired to the cemetery. The father with his second wife was already there. The little coffin was placed near the open grave and the parents of its occupant advanced to it while the second wife and husband stood in the background. The couple who had been so long estranged, and who had again so strangely met over their dead hopes, gazed earnestly at each other: the solemnity of the hour revived their old tender feelings, and falling into each other's arms, both burst into tears. The reinterment took place and the parties returned to their proper homes.

With the consent of all interested, the father of the dead child visited, on terms of friendship, his former wife, and they were in the habit of riding out together.

Not long after this singular reconciliation the father of the child took sick and died. Before his death he placed in the hands of a friend two city bonds of \$1000 each, to be handed over to his first wife in the event of his death. In his will he appointed as his executor the friend who was the custodian of the bonds and his first and second wives. The friend in his capacity of trustee, was uncertain as to the legality of the gift, under the circumstances, and he made application to a court for a decision in the matter so as to secure himself from loss. The legal heirs of the deceased offered no opposition to the *ante mortem* bequest and the Court declared in favor of its legality. [Phila. Bulletin.]

IMPORTANT FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

GREAT UNION CONVENTION AT HATTERAS.

New York, Nov. 21.—A letter from Hatteras Inlet, of the 16th, says: "We learn that North Carolina, by a Convention of Delegates representing forty-five counties, has declared a Provisional Government, and has entirely repudiated the Secession act of the State; reaffirming its loyalty and devotion to the Constitution of the United States."

The Convention met at Hatteras on Monday last. The act passed contained several sections, the substance of which is, the first declared vacant all the offices of the State, the second names Marcell N. Taylor, Provisional Governor; the third adopts the Constitution of the State with the statutes and laws contained in the Revised Code of 1856; the fourth repudiates the ordinance of Secession, passed at Raleigh on the 20th of May, together with all other acts then adopted; the fifth directs the Provisional Government to order a special election for member of Congress; the sixth gives to the Governor authority to make temporary appointments to official vacancies. The Convention then adjourned subject to the call of the President.

Gov. Taylor has issued his proclamation for an election in the Second Congressional District, which will be held on Wednesday, the 27th inst.

A smart engagement took place at Hatteras Inlet, on the 14th, between the Coast Survey steamer Corwin and the rebel steamer Curlew. The latter vessel apparently got the worst of the contest, and retreated after receiving a hot and telling fire from the former.

Men who endeavor to look fierce by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair-removers.

THE BATTLE OF PORT ROYAL.

Rebel Account of the Affair.

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

The battle of Port Royal will be remembered as one of the best fought and best conducted battles which have signalized the war in which we are engaged.

General Ripley had been appointed to command the two months' expedition, everything would have been in a better state of preparation. But these two months were wasted in doing nothing for our defense. Within the time left to him Gen. Ripley did all that untiring energy and skill could accomplish to put our coast in a state of preparation. The two islands of Hilton Head and Bay Point, with their extreme limits, constitute the two points which guard the entrance to Port Royal Sound, about three miles in width. On these two points two forts were erected—Fort Walker on Hilton Head, and Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point. The time was possessed enabled us to make them only earthworks, without any protection from shells or bombs.

The island of Hilton Head was commanded by Gen. Drayton. The officers immediately superintending the artillery and conducting the fire of Fort Walker, were Col. Wagner, Major Arthur Hugar, and Capt. Yates of the regular service, especially detailed by Gen. Ripley to aid in directing the artillery. Col. Donovant commanded at Fort Beauregard, but he generously allowed Capt. Elliott of the Beaufort Artillery, "to direct and conduct the batteries of the fort. The day was beautiful—calm and clear, with scarcely a cloud in the heavens—just such a day as our invaders would have ordained, if they could, to carry on their operations."

THE DAY OF THE BATTLE.

Thursday dawned gloriously upon our weary but undaunted gunners, and all felt that the day of trial had at last arrived. Scarcely had breakfast been dispatched, when the hostile fleet was observed in commotion. The great war steamers formed rapidly in single file, and within supporting distance of each other, the frigates Washburn, the flag-ship of Commodore Dupont in the van. As the long line of formidable looking vessels, thirteen in number, most of them powerful propellers with a few sailing men-of-war in tow, swept rapidly and majestically in, with their guns and bristling with guns of the heaviest caliber, the sight was grand and imposing. This was 8 o'clock. Until the Minnesota came within range of and directly opposite our batteries on Hilton Head, all was still. Suddenly the fifteen heavy guns of Fort Walker, which had been aimed directly at the huge frigate, belched forth their simultaneous fire, and the action was begun.

Almost immediately afterward, the batteries of Fort Beauregard, on the other side of the entrance, also opened their fire. The enemy at first did not reply. But, as the second steamer came opposite to Fort Walker, the balls of the first three were suddenly wrapped in smoke, and the shot and shell of three tremendous bombardments, making in all seventy-five guns, came crashing against our works.

From this moment the bombardment was incessant and terrific; one by one the propellers bore down upon our forts, delivered their fire as they passed, until each had gained the interior of the harbor, and beyond the range of our guns. The Minnesota still followed by the others, then turned round and steamed slowly out, giving a broadside to Fort Beauregard as she passed. Then the battle was continued, the enemy's vessels sailing in an elliptical course, pouring one broadside into Bay Point, and then sweeping around to deliver the other against Hilton Head. This furious fire from 400 guns, many of them the 11 inch Dahlgren pattern, and some even 13 inch bore (for a sabot of that diameter was found in Fort Beauregard), was maintained incessantly and the roar of the cannonade seemed continuous.

Meanwhile our gunners were making a gallant defense. They kept up a vigorous and well-directed fire against their assailants, and, notwithstanding their best gun was dismounted at the beginning of the action, they succeeded in setting fire to several of the ships. Whenever this happened, however, the enemy would haul off and soon extinguish the flames. The effect of our guns was, in many instances, plainly visible from the forts. Although the sides of the Minnesota are of massive strength, several of her ports were knocked into one. Nor was she the only vessel upon which this evidence of the power of our fire could be seen. Many of the other steamers were likewise badly hurt.

After some time spent in sailing round and delivering their broadsides in rotation in the manner we have described, the enemy's steamships adopted another and more successful attack. One of them took a position inside the harbor, so as to enfilade the batteries of Fort Walker, while several opened a simultaneous enfilading fire from the outside. Besides this terrific cross-fire, two of the largest steamers maintained the fire of the fort—thus three furious converging streams of shot and shell were rained amongst the brave little garrison for hours. The vessels came up within a half mile of the shore, but nearly all our guns had, by this time been dismounted, and were no longer able to reply with serious effect.

Soon after 11 o'clock, the batteries of Bay Point were silenced. The fire of Fort Walker, as far as the guns that remained were concerned, was not a whit slackened until one o'clock. By that time the dreadful condition of the fort became too apparent to be disregarded longer. The guns lay in every direction dismantled and useless; the defenses were terribly shattered; the dead and dying were to be seen on every side, and still the iron hail poured pitilessly in.

PORT WALKER ABANDONED.

In this strait it was determined to abandon the fort. A long waste, about a mile in extent, and commanded by the enemy's guns, intervened between the garrison and the woods. Across this they were ordered to run for their lives, each man for himself, the object being to scatter them as much as possible, so as to afford a target for the rifled guns of the fleet. The preparations for running this perilous gauntlet were soon made. Knapsacks were abandoned, but the men retained their muskets. Even of the wounded, was placed in a blanket and carried off by four men. The safety of the living precluded the idea of removing the dead. And thus the gallant little band quitted the scene of their glory, and scamped off, each one as best he could, toward the woods. The retreat was covered by a small detachment who remained in the fort for an hour after their comrades left. Among those who remained were Capt. Harms with six men; Lieut. Milobers, with four men; and Lieut. Bischoff, with four men. These worked three guns until about 2 o'clock, when they also quitted the post.

The abandonment of Fort Beauregard was equally a necessity. The garrison was exhausted, and in momentary danger of being cut off. When Col. Donovant ordered a retreat, tears of mortification and indignation filled the eyes of Capt. Elliott at the end necessity. The retreat was admirably conducted, and rendered entirely successful by the prudent energy of Capt. Hancock, one of General Ripley's Aids, who had got to harbor some twelve days at Station Creek, by which the troops passed safely over to St. Helena Island. From there they passed to Beaufort Island, and reached the train at Poolesburg without the loss or injury of a man. In this fort were killed, and but five were wounded, and two of these were wounded by negligence in loading a cannon, by which hot shot were driven on the powder without the wet sand preceding it.

EVACUATION OF BAY POINT.

The rest of the story is briefly told. Late on Thursday night the garrison on Fort Walker had collected at the landing in the hope of being able to reach Bluffton by water. Luckily, several small Confederate steamers were within hail. The retreating troops imagined the little steamers to be Yankee gunboats, while the crews of the steamers were convinced that the troops were a body of discomfited Yankees. Acting upon this delusion, a deal of mutual recrimination was made, and it was only after a vast variety of strategic approaches that they reached the conclusion that it was "all right." A quick trip to Bluffton followed. Thence the regiment marched to Harleesville, 17 miles distant. The road along which they dragged their exhausted frames was filled with a heterogeneous throng of fugitives of all conditions, carriages, carts and conveyances of every description that could, by any possibility, be pressed into service. The spectacle was a sad one.

Thus ended the defense of Port Royal. The mortification of the disaster is lessened by the consciousness that our troops deserved success.

What injury we did to the enemy we do not know. Our firing was, of course, less efficient than theirs. Our troops were volunteers—there were picked artillerymen; yet it is very remarkable how few were killed or wounded among our troops. This battle, in this respect, was very much like the battle of Fort Sumter. How so many cannon could have been dismounted and rendered useless, and yet so few of those who worked them injured, seems very marvelous. Our troops did their duty faithfully and bravely, and fought until to fight longer would have been sheer folly. Though encountering immense odds, no signs of cowardice marked their conduct. Officers and soldiers exemplified the ancient character of the State, and deserve our profound gratitude and admiration.

FOREIGN NEWS BY THE ASIA.

New York, Nov. 21.—The Asia arrived at 7 this evening.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Great Eastern had been held. The Director's report was adopted, and a resolution passed to raise \$25,000 in 10 per cent debentures to equip her for sea. It was expected she would leave Liverpool again in February.

The British men-of-war Conqueror and Sanspareil would embark within the day the Asia sailed, and forthwith depart for Mexico. The Times thinks the operations of the expedition will be very easy, but difficulties may arise from the different political sympathies of the three Powers.

It was reported that the Federal steamer James Adger, now at Southampton goes to the Mediterranean to look after privateers.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and Duchess are on a visit to Queen Victoria.

A strike among the cotton spinners is imminent, owing to the threatened reduction of wages.

France has given quieting assurances to Switzerland relative to the valley of Dopes. The affair will probably be adjusted without unpleasantness.

FRANCE.—Financial accounts show rather less uneasiness. It is reported that Garibaldi has announced to the Central Italian Committee his firm intention not to provoke any movement in favor of Rome or Venice, but wished Italian armaments and popular sympathy for the unity of Italy encouraged to the utmost. It was rumored preparations were making at Genoa for a revolutionary expedition, embracing Montenegro, all the Slave population of Turkey, also Hungary and Galicia.

Belgium had appointed an ambassador to Italy, but it is remarked that he is so credited to the Court of Turin and not to the King of Italy.

The recently announced measures toward Hungary are set forth in an autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria.

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It evinces a determination to carry out the Government policy in Hungary.

There is greater firmness in trade at Manchester, and a further advance is demanded. Business keeps restricted.

LATEST VIA QUEENSTOWN.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—At the Lord Mayor's banquet, the Mayor proposed the foreign ambassadors, and coupled the name of Adams, who replied that his mission to England was to promote and perpetuate friendly relations between the two countries. Lord Palmerston said although circumstances may for the time threaten to interfere with the supply of cotton, the temporary evil will be productive of permanent good.

We shall find, in various quarters of the globe, a sure and ample supply, which will render us no more dependent. We witness with affliction the lamentable differences among our American cousins, but it is not for us to pass judgment in their disputes.

Lord Palmerston, in conclusion, expressed the hope of a speedy restoration of harmony and peace.

FOR SHOT.—Colonel Scott, in his able military dictionary, gives the following account of the manner of using hot shot, and the peculiar destructiveness of this missile. The reader will remember that it was hot shot which made Fort Sumter untenable for our gallant garrison; and it would be a curious retribution if, after Charleston is destroyed, the insurgents were in turn driven out of the forts in the bay by hot shot fired from the shore.

The charges for hot shot are from one quarter to one sixth the weight of the shot. With small velocities the shot splits and splinters the wood so as to render it favorable for burning. With great velocity the ball sinks deep into the wood and is deprived of its effect by the closing of the hole, and eludes instead of burning the surrounding wood. It should not penetrate deeper than ten to twelve inches. Red hot balls do not set fire to the wood until some time after their penetration. They retain sufficient heat to ignite wood after having made several ricochets upon water. The wads are made of clay and hay. Clay wads should consist of pure clay, or fuller's earth, free from sand or gravel, well kneaded, with just enough moisture to work well. They are cylindrical and one eighth in length. Hay wads should remain in the tub to soak at least ten or twelve minutes. Before being used the water is pressed out of them. When hay wads are used vapor may be seen escaping from the vent on the interior of the ball, but, as this is only the effect of the heat of the ball on the water contained in the wad, no danger need be apprehended from it. With proper precautions in loading, the ball may be permitted to cool in the gun without igniting the charge. The piece, however, should be fired with as little delay as possible; as the vapor would diminish the strength of the powder. Furnaces for heating shot, are erected at the forts on the sea coast. These furnaces hold sixty or more shot. The shot being placed, and the furnace cold, it requires one hour and fifteen minutes to heat them to a red heat; but after the furnace is once heated a 24 pounder shot is brought to a red heat in twenty-five minutes; the 32 pounder and 42 pounder shots require a few minutes longer. Three men are required to attend the furnace: one takes out the hot shot and places them on the stand to be scraped; another scrapes them and puts them in the ladle; and the third supplies cold shot and fuel.

STEERING FOR A FAMILY.—Rev. M. S. Machay, for thirteen years a missionary in China, has written a book, in which he relates the following anecdote.

"During one of our examinations for candidates for baptism at Nya kang, I observed that one woman and some three or four young people had the same surname. This circumstance led to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men:

"I observe you all have the same surname. Are you members of the same family?" I inquired.

"Yes," one replied, "this is mother, and these are my brothers."